

Evening Public Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
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Published Daily at Public Ledger Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia.
Subscription Terms:
The Evening Public Ledger is served to subscribers in Philadelphia and surrounding towns at the rate of twelve cents per week, payable to the carrier.

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PHILADELPHIA, Tuesday, September 2, 1919

POLITICS AND PATRIOTISM

IT WAS when men were being drafted for the new army that ward politics in America achieved the ultimate depth of debasement. In almost every community there were a few cowards who tried to sneak out of the service, to play false with the country and with better men by avoiding a plain duty with the aid of a petty boss.

It is not surprising, therefore, to hear George W. Long, who was chairman of one of the Philadelphia draft boards, charge Vare lieutenants with complicity in behalf of ward favorites who evaded, or tried to evade, military service. Such efforts were to have been expected. Significant as Mr. Long's charges are of the mental squalor underlying sections of the organization, they are not to be accepted as an exclusive indictment of the Vare method. The indictment is broader than that. It fits the whole ward system of municipal control as it is now organized in most American cities.

WHERE ALL THINGS WAIT

ALL peoples and all governments have invariably found, after trying every other method, that reason alone can settle their troubles and adjust their differences. Wars and violence never seemed so futile as they seem now.

Resolutions to provide for an industrial conference such as President Wilson mentioned in his statement of yesterday are already "pending" in the House and the Senate.

Why should such resolutions "pend"? It seems to be the desire of the President to have a full and fair representation of labor, capital, people and government in a conference called to settle wage questions and the question of production by the only method that ever solved anything.

Will Congress withhold its support in this instance, too, until personal spite and party issues are disposed of on the floor?

OUR CONGRESSMEN ABROAD

CONGRESSIONAL investigations are like charity. They ought to begin at home. If there is anything of importance to be learned about our conduct of the war it can best be learned in Washington. The spectacle of a committee of the House snooping around European battlefields and letting itself in for a snub from General Pershing isn't a pleasant one.

If the gentlemen of the House intend to muckrake the army and the administration they will have to muckrake the high commands of other countries, and even some existing governments, before they can present to the American people a fair review of our errors and achievements, since all things are relative and the war with Germany was a matter in which ordinary rules ceased to run.

THE AUSTRIAN ANTICLIMAX

THE completion of the Austrian treaty occasions only the most insignificant ripples of public interest. Yet here is a document determining the fate of an empire which territorially was second in Europe only to that of Russia and of a nation which, ostensibly, provoked the world war. Important new states are carved from its former domain. The map of central Europe undergoes more changes than even those imposed upon it by Napoleon at the height of his power.

THE CALENDAR AND ACTORS

THE most convincing argument for the settlement of the actors' strike started to operate yesterday, when the theatrical season throughout the country failed to begin. It is doubtful if either the association of managers or the union of players can take extended liberties with the calendar.

Outside of those in New York, most of the chief theatres in the land were normally "dark." The strike thus resembled an anthracite coal tie-up in midsummer, carrying a threat, but not immediate and widespread inconvenience. Though we may shrink from admitting it, time is a standard solvent. Even the world war ended.

Every day on which the managers cry "No compromise," every day on which the actors, more skilled in the sheer artistry of defiance, hiss "Never!" is bringing the date of eventual agreement closer. The stride of September pertinently emphasizes the loss to producers, players and that long and patient sufferer, the general public.

It has been said that theatres are not necessities, and yet all the major belligerents in the war zealously supported stage entertainments at the front. If they are luxuries they are at least in universal demand. Public impatience at the deferment of the amusement season is pretty certain to be effective as the opportunities for outdoor recreation lessen.

AN EQUITABLE TAX LAW THE GREAT ISSUE FOR 1920

The Kitchen Class and Sectional Income and Excess Profits Statute Needs to Be Nationalized

AS SEPTEMBER 15 approaches, the date on which the third installment of income and excess-profits tax is to be paid, millions of men in the North and West are doing some hard thinking about the issue on which the campaign of 1920 should be fought.

It is about time that the Republican leaders in Congress began to give some attention to it also.

The issue is not the merit or demerit of the peace treaty or the league-of-nations covenant. These things will be out of the way before the national conventions are held. Discussion of them will be like holding an inquest over a corpse long since buried. And this peace settlement is not a partisan issue, anyway, in spite of the attempt of Senator Lodge to line up the Republicans in a fight against the plan which the President brought back from Paris.

Meanwhile the return trails are crowded with people who have a dim sense of convalescence after riotous fever. They are getting back to the same old town to find it unchanged after what seems an age; to the same old City Hall clock, the same old Mayor and the same old restful job of work. Vacations have one supreme advantage. They help to keep a vast part of America normally appreciative of the place called home.

In the regions where good times are offered for sale you rush out and in. You go to bed in gasping haste in order that you may speed away from it in the morning. A queer world it was outside, full of noisy waters; of stuff that ought to be in cans growing mysteriously on bush and tree; of clouds that sailed grandly overhead and did not fall; of cows that seemed to have been born wise, so fixed were they in austere and distant calm.

Against the astonishing background there flowed a limitless multitude of faces, most of them pretty and, alas! highly colored, that must seem, in retrospect, like a swift flight of moths in the twilight of recollected things.

What were the crowds after in the strenuous pursuit? Rest and peace, they said. They didn't find it. That much is plain to any one who meets them homeward bound. We are a young people and we shall have to grow some centuries older, it appears, before we learn that peace and the ease that goes with it aren't to be had on vacations alone or from Republicans or Democrats, Congress or Presidents, bylaws or edicts. Peace is a little like fame. It is attainable only after you cease chasing after it. It is wisdom. To be really wise you must be old. And you may remember that old folks usually remain at home to open the door to those who stagger wearily in after a vacation.

When the Federal Reserve Bank of this district declared that if labor demanded fewer luxuries it might result in a reduction in the cost of living it said something wholly tactless and only partly true. It was tactless because labor has a growing belief that it is entitled to the best there is. It is only partly true because the workman is not the only offender; because labor expended on the production of luxuries is only wasted when it impedes the production of necessities, and there is no evidence at present that candymakers and milliners and jewelers, for instance, if not engaged in their present business would straightway go to work in the fields, the mines, the mills and the factories; and because "it ain't so" anyhow. Prices will never in the world go "anyhow" for their former level; and the one thing that will stabilize them at a place where a pay envelope may take a look in on them is production.

Facts and figures from Honduras suggest that the revolutionists in number tote up to about the size of a French front Kamerad party.

Taking cognizance of the high cost of costumes and the necessity for the eschewing of luxuries, New York laboring men cut out the parade.

If the "joker" who is sending in false alarms is ever caught by the local firemen they'll give him cause for the genuine article.

There are people who have a great faculty for putting two and two together, and making twenty-two.

The Minnesota, with Rear Admiral Welles on board, carries though it does not fly the Jolly Roger.

A piping hot time was had at the Washington monument, where Plumb met the plumbers.

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puted even by his worst enemies. He knows the subject through long contact with it. He has political acumen enough to be aware of the importance of offering a solution of the question before the next presidential election. If he can devise a system of indirect taxation which will raise the necessary revenue and distribute the burden over the whole country, on farmer and manufacturer, on cotton grower and wool spinner alike, he will receive that credit which is due to every man who has done that which the nation wants done.

It will not be an easy task, for enormous sums must be raised this year and next, and for years to come the annual expenditures of the government will be double and treble what they were before the war. The interest on the war debt will be a billion dollars a year and another billion at least will be required to meet the ordinary expenses on a peace basis. There must be heavier taxes than in the past or new sources of revenue must be discovered. The Democrats have proved their inability to handle the matter with fairness, to all business interests. If the Republicans cannot do better the country is in a bad way.

More campaigns have been won on the taxation issue than on any other. There never was a time in the history of the country when it was so pressing as it is today. It is up to the leaders in Washington to get busy and prove once more that when it comes to dealing with big financial questions they are equal to the occasion.

BACK HOME

CURIOUSLY enough, in a time that is supposed to be filled with intolerable strains of relative impoverishment, no one has been heard to complain about the high cost of taking vacations—though more people took vacations this year than ever took them before. There will be gloomy backward surveys, of course; wonder tales of the dizzy price of this and the dizzy price of that encountered away from home. But that will be later, after we have had time for thought—a habit that isn't fashionable in hot weather.

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Old H. C. L. increases in girth with every lessening of production.

Rest profligating is given stimulus by the bricklayers' strike.

ROBINS MYSTERY SOLVED

Col. McCain Tells How "The Boys" Licked Roosevelt and How Vare Bragged About It to T. R.

By GEORGE NOX MCCAIN
CONGRESSMAN J. HAMPTON MOORE has solved the mystery of Thomas Robins. For Mr. Robins has been as great as an interesting a mystery in the present majority campaign as the probable size of the final registration figures.

He has been a mystery ever since he projected himself so precipitately into the prismatic glare of Vare publicity. By his widely advertised offer of personal service to Judge John M. Patterson, his ludicrous action in selecting forty-six women of the Forty-six party out of a possible fifty to act on his committee of one thousand, but more particularly by his appearance as an orator, Mr. Robins, of West Locust street, has made himself a public character unique in the campaign.

In view of his repeated allusions to the subject, he appears to be the only man in this country who has sought a temporary political distinction from the fact that Theodore Roosevelt once spent a night under his roof.

The mysterious question that has alternately agitated and puzzled business and social circles in which Mr. Robins moves has been: "What does he hope to get out of it?"

THE question viewed from every angle appears to be justified. No man willingly and knowingly flings the Social Register into an ash can without anticipating or at least in the depths of his heart hoping for some reward for his action.

And now along comes Congressman Moore in his weekly letter in the Evening Public Ledger and announces, or rather intimates, that the new convert to the Vare system—Thomas Robins—has been slated by the organization to succeed, when the time comes, the eloquent George S. Graham, congressman from the Second district.

When Thomas Robins threw the question of his personal friendship for Theodore Roosevelt into the arena he gave about everything that he had of political value.

There are those bold enough to say that it was a shameless thing to do. American politics of the baser sort can never be gilded or glorified by the invocation of that incomparable American's name.

There are no political achievements that would recommend Mr. Robins to the Vare organization. He is a defeated candidate for Congress. The Vare leaders are practical politicians and they have no use for has-beens.

WHEN that shrewd and far-seeing student of human nature, County Commissioner George F. Holmes, acting for the organization, dangled the bait—and Mr. Moore suggests that it was Congressman Graham's seat—it was taken at a gulp.

Just as one might read in the quaint language of a George Ade fable: "And so it came about that Eminent Respectability dragged the Great Name of Roosevelt into the Black and Slimy ooze of a factional Municipal Campaign."

On his first appearance as a campaign orator and from the shelter of the peerless American's name, Thomas Robins unlimbered the first mud battery of the campaign. It was that the politicians who had roped him planned that he should do from the beginning.

Judge Patterson and Congressman Moore had mutually agreed that there should be "no mud slinging." Senator Vare, David H. Lane and Senator David Martin, old and sapient campaigners, had not indulged in personal attacks, a type of candidate of the Town Meeting party or Republican Alliance gone beyond the recognized issues of the campaign.

They knew their business. But a man, wealthy, socially prominent, of good name and cultured environment, the last one of whom such a thing could have been expected, to take the name of a wooden spoon in the political porridge, accepted the commission as captain of the tar-bucket brigade.

A sad wit at Independent headquarters, after rehearsing the episode, lugubriously remarked: "There is such a thing then as a fellow trying to roll into political notoriety on an ash can."

SINCE his memorable entrance upon public life in the role of a campaign orator, Mr. Robins has been quoted in the newspapers as saying that he was doing as "Mr. Roosevelt would want me to do"; or words of that purport.

May I not, as Mr. Wilson would remark, be permitted to recall to Mr. Robins's attention one or two important and personal matters concerning himself and the late Theodore Roosevelt?

He no doubt recalls with gratified pleasure that it is entitled to the best there is. It is only partly true because the workman is not the only offender; because labor expended on the production of luxuries is only wasted when it impedes the production of necessities, and there is no evidence at present that candymakers and milliners and jewelers, for instance, if not engaged in their present business would straightway go to work in the fields, the mines, the mills and the factories; and because "it ain't so" anyhow. Prices will never in the world go "anyhow" for their former level; and the one thing that will stabilize them at a place where a pay envelope may take a look in on them is production.

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"BUT IT WAS GREAT WHILE IT LASTED!"



TRAVELS IN PHILADELPHIA

By Christopher Morley

Up to Valley Green MADRIGAL had a bad cold, and I was trumpeting with hay fever; and we set off for consolation in a tramp along the Wissahickon. In the drowsy stillness of a late August afternoon, with a forboding of autumn chill already in the air, we sneezed and coughed our way along the lovely ravine. Those lonely glades, that once echoed to the brisk drumming of horses' hoofs, rang with our miserable stertorations. The rocky gullies and pine-scented hillsides became for one afternoon the Vallombrosa of two valetudinarians. Thoughts of mortal perilism lay darkly upon us. We had lunched gorgeously with a charming host who was suffering with sciatica, and had described this affliction to us as a toothache as long as your leg. Then the Ridge avenue car carried us between two populous cities of the dead—Laurel Hill and Mount Vernon Cemeteries. Was this (we thought) the beginning of the end?

THE Ridge avenue car set us down at the mouth of Wissahickon creek. We each got out a clean handkerchief from a hip pocket and determined to make a brave fight against the dark angel. Under the huge brown arches of the Reading Railway, which have all the cheering safety of an old Roman aqueduct, we entered the valley of enchantment. At this point it occurred to us that the ancient Romans were really prohibitionists at heart, since it was on aqueducts that they lavished the fullness of their structural genius. They never bothered with vinoducts.

Perhaps Philadelphia does not quite realize how famous the Wissahickon valley is. When my mother was a small girl in England there stood on her father's reading table a silk lampshade on which were painted little scenes of the world's loveliest beauty glimpses. There were vistas of Swiss mountains, Italian lakes, French cathedrals, Dutch canals, English gardens. And then, among these fabled glories, there was a tiny sketch of a scene that chiefly touched my mother's girlish fancy. She did not ever expect to see it, but often, as the evening lamplight shone through it, her eye would examine its dainty charm. It was called "The Wissahickon Drive, Philadelphia, U. S. A." Many years afterward she saw it for the first time, and her heart jumped as hearts do when they are given a chance.

THE lower reach of the creek, with its placid green water, the great trees leaning over it, the picnic parties along the western margin, and the little boats splashing and amazingly like the Thames at Oxford. I suppose all little rivers are much the same, after all; but the likeness here is so real that I cannot forbear to mention it. But one has an uneasy sense, as one walks and watches the gleaming motors that fit by like the whizz of the Ancient Mariner's crossbow, that the Wissahickon has seen better days. The days when the horse was king, when all the old inns were a bustle of rich food and drink, and the winter afternoons were a ringle-jingle of sleigh chimes. Then one turns away to the left, into the stillness of the carriage drive, where motors are not allowed, and the merry cluck-cluck of the horse's hoofs is still heard now and then. Two elderly gentlemen came swiftly by in a bright little gig with red wheels, drawn by a spirited horse. With what a smiling cheer they gazed about them, innocently happy in their lifelong pastime! And yet there was a certain pathos in the sight. Two old days together. Only a few paces on was the abandoned foundation of the Lotus Inn. And I remembered the verses in which Madrigal himself, laureate of Philadelphia,

has musicked the spell of the river drive— On winter nights ghost-music plays (The bells of long-forgotten sleighs) Along the Wissahickon. And many a silver-headed wight Who drove that pleasant road by night Signs now for his old appetite. For waffles hot and chicken. And grandmas now, who then were belle! How many a placid bosom swells At thought of love's old charms and spells Along the Wissahickon.

"But, my dear fellow," said one of these silver-headed wights to Madrigal when he had written the poem—"it wasn't chicken. It was catfish that was famous in the Wissahickon supper." "All right," said Madrigal, "will you please have the name of the creek changed to Wissahickfish to fit the rhyme?" The necessities of poets must be consulted, unless we are to go over, pen, ink and blotter to the blattings of vers libre.

BUT a plague on the talk about "the good old days!" Certainly in those times the road along the creek was never such a dreaming haunt of quietness as it is today. An occasional proud dandy, cowering on horse, accompanied by a sort of Low Tellen gown; a rambling carriage or two, a few children paddling in the stream, and a bronzed fellow galloping along with eager face—just enough movement to vary the solitude. The creek pours smoothly over rocky shelves, churning in a white spray some as old as Eden, that seem to themselves so gorgeously new and delicious. The road bends and slopes, under cliffs of fern and evergreen, where a moist pungency of balsam and turpentine breathes graciously in the nose of the sneezer. Gushing springs splash on the steep bank.

ALREADY, though only the end of August, there was a faint tinge of bronze upon the foliage. We were at a loss to know whether this was truly a sign of coming fall, or some unnatural blight withering upon the Can trees suffer from hay fever? At any rate we saw many dead limbs, many great trunks bald and gouty on the eastern cliffs and a kind of pallor and palsy in the color of the leaves. The forestry of the region did not seem altogether healthy, even to the ignorant eye. We have seen in recent years what a plague has befallen one noble species of tree; it would be a sorry thing if Philadelphia's noblest beauty spot were ravaged by further troubles.

TALKING and sneezing by turns, we came to Valley Green, where a placid caravanserai sits beside the way, with a broad, white porch to invite the traveler, and a very feminine barroom innocently garnished with syllabs of soda and lemons balanced with lypidic nestness on the necks of grape-juice bottles. Green canoes were drawn up on the river bank; a grave file of six small yellow ducklings was waddling toward the water; a turkey (very similar in profile to Mr. Chauncey Depew) was meditating in the roadway. A bantam cock and his dame made up in strut what they lacked in stature, and a very deaf gardener was trimming a garden of vivid phlox. Here was a setting that cried loudly for the hissing tea urn. Yet to think again of refreshment seemed disrespectful to the noble lunch of a noble host, enjoyed only four hours earlier, and we stayed stolidly by, intending to go as far as Indian Rock, a mile further. But at a little waterfall, by the Wises Mill road, we halted for the common instinct. We turned backward and sought that gracious veranda at Valley Green. There, in a pot of tea and buttered toast with marmalade, we forgot our emaciated woes. We set match to tobacco and strode up-

ward on Springfield road, through thickets, where the sunlight quivered in golden shafts, toward the comely summits of Chestnut Hill. Let Madrigal have the last word, for he has known and loved this bonniest of creeks for forty years: There earliest stirred the feet of spring; There summer dreamed on drowsy wing; And autumn's glories longest cling Along the Wissahickon.

LOVE IS NOT BLIND LOVE is not blind; oh, no! With vision keen It gazes, and its friendly eyes Pierce through the outer veils that mortals wear And recognise through each disguise A brother traveling on life's broad highway. Love's eyes, with sympathy and trust aglow, Seek only good and find it, too; Beneath the outer garment soiled and stained They see the robe of heavenly hue, And smile in cordial greeting to a friend. —Josephine M. Fabricant, in N. Y. Herald.

What Do You Know? QUIZ 1. What is a Jolly Roger? 2. When did Rome become the capital of united Italy? 3. What is the second largest city in the Hawaiian Islands? 4. What is the meaning of the expression "A Roland for an Oliver"? 5. Why is a spaniel so-called? 6. To what century do legend and tradition assign the outlaw Robin Hood? 7. What is the real title of the "Shakespearian play often given as "Love's Labor Lost"? 8. What two cities figure most prominently in the tales of the "Arabian Nights"? 9. Who painted the famous portrait of Charles I of England? 10. How long has the actors' strike continued?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. Grant, Sherman and Sheridan were the only soldiers in American history who were made full generals. 2. The real name of Petroleum V. Nasby, the American humorist, was David Ross Locke. 3. Berne is the capital of Switzerland. 4. Captain Isaac Hull commanded the Constitution when she captured the British warship Guerriere on August 19, 1812. 5. Coot is the name of several swimming and diving birds, especially the bald coot, a web-footed bird, with the base of the bill extended to form a white plate on the forehead. 6. John Sleeper Clarke was a celebrated American comedian. His dates are 1833-1899. 7. The shah of Persia has just canceled his plans for visiting the United States. 8. Kelp; certain large kinds of seaweed used for the sake of carbonate of soda and iodine. 9. Euclid was a noted Greek mathematician. He flourished about 300 B. C. 10. Belgium has raised its American ministry to the rank of embassy.